

the undergraduates do
carry their lampoons a bit too far,
especially around exam time, when their
self-made pressures tend to cook their geoses.

so i asked the long-haired dude
stuffing junk mail, and he said,
"yeah, slit his wrists and ankles;
didn't have the decency to shoot himself."

so then i asked the secretary, and she said,
"yes, he apparently was paranoid, he thought
someone was following him. wouldn't you think
his wife would have gotten him in to a doctor."

she also said, "it goes to show, it's always
the ones you least expect, the quiet ones."
well not always, but old weldon
was a quiet one alright, a woodrow

wilson sort, although i'd heard
that he displayed a dry britannic wit in class.
he was a thorough lecturer, replete with
the hugest briefcase in captivity.

he visited my class last fall
to advertise the honors program, and i
showed unusual (for me) restraint in not alluding
to that stuffed portfolio. now i'm glad.

i'm also glad he tripped out so in character,
his final grades signed, sealed, delivered,
the semester tied up neatly in an academic tassel.
we're rare birds, us eggheads.

poop

my daughter, blake, is in kindergarten. they are teaching
her to be a docile citizen and, incidentally, to read.
concurrently, like many of us, she has become a trifle
anal compulsive. complications ensue.

i ask her what she has learned today. she says, "i learned
the pledge of allegiance." "how does it go?" i ask.
"it goes," she says, "i poop allegiance to the poop of
the united poops of ameripoop."

"that's good," i say, "that's very good. what else?" "o
say can you poop, by the dawn's early poop, what so
proudly we pooped"

for christmas, she improvises, "away in a pooper, all cover-
ed with poop, the little lord poopus lay pooping his
poop."

she has personalized other traditional favorites as well.
someone, perhaps her grandmother, tried to teach
her the "our father." her version goes, "our pooper,
who art in poopland, hallowed by thy poop. they
poopdom poop, they poop be pooped, on earth as it is
in poopland."

surely hemingway would feel one-upped. surely the second
pooping is at hand.

a fortune teller told us blake would be our greatest
sorrow and our greatest joy. already, it is true.

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach, CA

Image

She becomes the Blonde Beast,
she puts the Blonde Beast
ON,
she's under the image of the
Blonde Beast,
men and women grrr at
the Blonde Beast,
but she's hiding inside,
takes the Blonde Beast
off every night and puts it
in a drawer,
when she sleeps identities
float through her like
alligators in sewers,
when she wakes up she re-
creates the Blonde Beast,
watches people react to it,
but stays way, way inside,
like a single cookie in a
big cookie jar.

Utopia

I live in a race-tensionless
town
with pure air,
low crime-rate,
although there was a robbery
last month and the robber
kidnapped a sixteen year
old blonde clerk and
killed her ... found her body